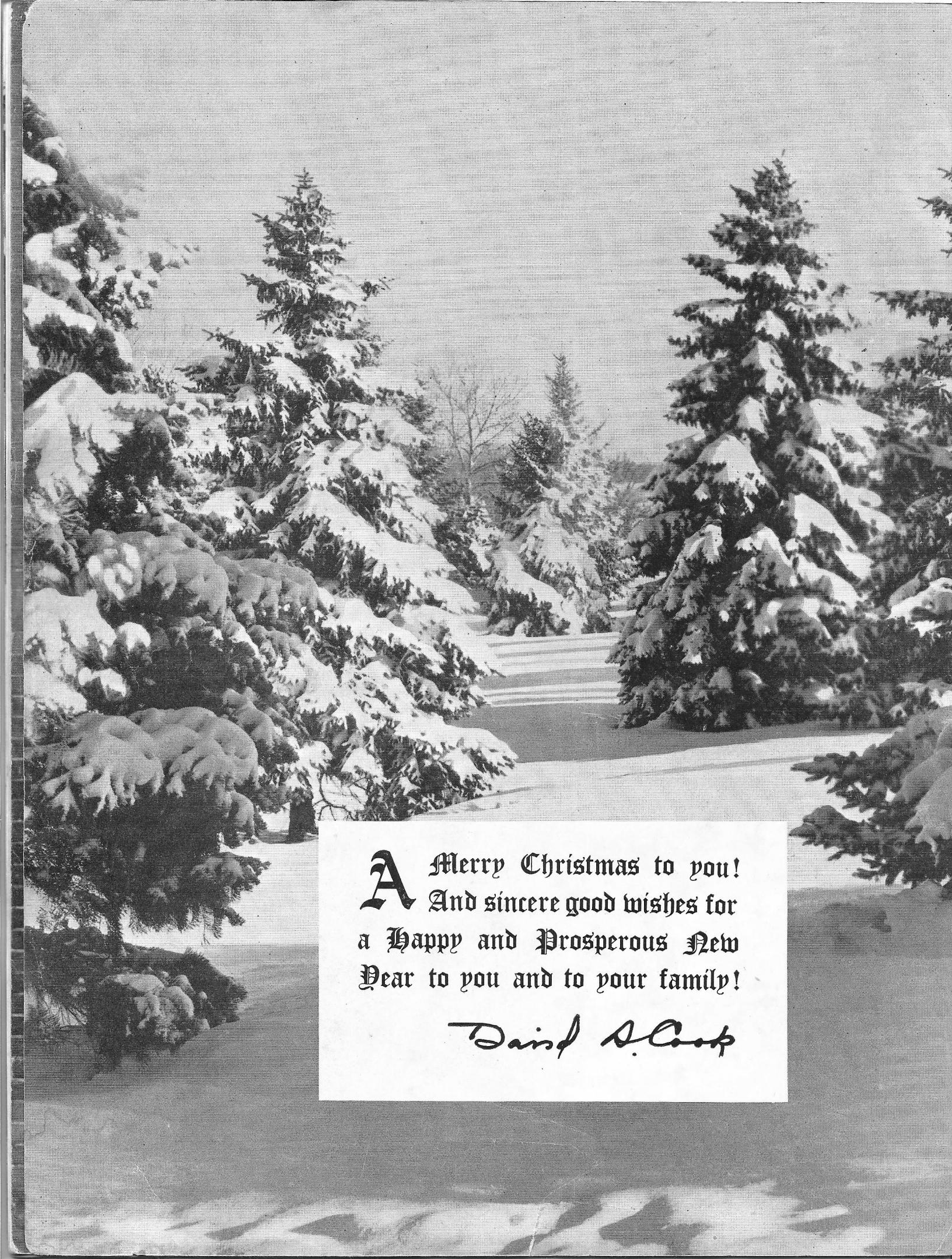


The Pepperell Sheet



DECEMBER 1946

It won't be long now!



A Merry Christmas to you!
And sincere good wishes for
a Happy and Prosperous New
Year to you and to your family!

Daird S. Cook

NEWS OF THE MILLS

Christmas

One of the pleasantest assignments a reporter was ever asked to handle was the one for the stories about "Christmas in the Old Country" in this issue of The Pepperell Sheet. It was long before Christmas when we went around the mills talking to Pepperell people of all different nationalities, asking them about Christmas as they remembered it from their childhood. It was wonderful the way each one's face lit up, as though we had used a magic password that touched everyone's heart. Then as they started telling about their old homes in Greece, or Poland, or the Atlantic Islands, or any of the other faraway lands that they had left to come to America, their eyes softened, and thoughts of the troubles and responsibilities of today were all forgotten. Alice Talbot beamed when she told about "le réveillon" of Christmas Eve in the Province of Quebec. William Shanahan smiled reminiscently when he told about his old home in Ireland, how he used to hang up the mistletoe over the kitchen door and then wait for "the right one" to walk under it. Pasquale Polselli told how in Italy the boys and girls would stop on their way out of church after Midnight Mass and shake hands all around, to show that any little slights or enmities of the year were forgiven. Others told of beautiful customs in other lands, all bright reflections of the universal peace and love of Christmas. It is a precious inheritance that each of us has brought from the old countries to America—this faith that makes us all truly brothers.

We're Reducing

Perhaps you've noticed, we're getting thinner—"we" meaning The Pepperell Sheet, which has less pages than usual this month. The paper shortage has been getting so serious that something had to be done to cut down on the amount of paper we use, but we didn't want to cut down on the quality or quantity of stories and articles. It was quite a problem, and many plans were considered. The plan we finally adopted for this month is more or less of an experiment.

What we've done is print the local Who's Who pages separately for each mill, and include in the Who's Who

section of the magazine for each mill only the pages that concern them locally. That saves a good deal of paper, and we hope it won't affect the interest of the magazine as far as each mill is concerned. Biddeford people will still get all the Biddeford Who's Who news, Lewiston people will get all their local items, and the same with Fall River. The rest of the magazine will be handled just as usual, and the only thing you won't get is the local personal news of people in the other Pepperell mills whom you probably wouldn't know anyway.

Lost His Shirt

This matter of shortages, in food, clothing, housing and everything else has gone far enough, we've decided. Of course we know that cotton goods are hard to get, but we didn't know how hard until we read a news item in a Boston paper the other day. A man was held up by a thug who pushed into his car, held a revolver against his ribs, and ordered him to drive to a quiet spot. The robber first took all the man's money, which, as it happened, amounted to 95c. But then he took a look at the man's shirt, and told him to hand that over too.

Hold on

Have you a veteran in your home? If so, use your influence and urge him to hang on to his National Service Life Insurance, or to reinstate it if he has let it drop. Millions of boys have dropped policies because they felt that the protection given was not broad enough. Recently a number of provisions have been added to meet these objections. For example, now a Vet



can name anyone he wishes beneficiary; the money can be paid to the beneficiary in a lump sum; he may buy an endowment if he wants. The public, through the government, makes a substantial contribution to the cost of this insurance. In drop-

ping it, the boys are losing billions of dollars' worth of good, low-cost life insurance protection.

Silly!

One morning while shaving, Mortimer was carrying on so angrily that it attracted the attention of his wife who was preparing breakfast in the kitchen. "What in the world's the matter?" asked his young spouse.

"My razor—it won't cut!" shouted the husband.

"Don't be silly, Mortimer," she replied. "You mean to tell me your beard is tougher than the linoleum?"

What's the Difference?

Teacher: "Junior, if I take 59 from 101, what's the difference?"

Junior: "Yeah, that's what I say. To heck with it."



THE COVER

The lovely models for our Night Before Christmas cover are Durelle and Joscelyn Perreault, daughters of Alcide Perreault of Biddeford. You'll find his story on Page 10.



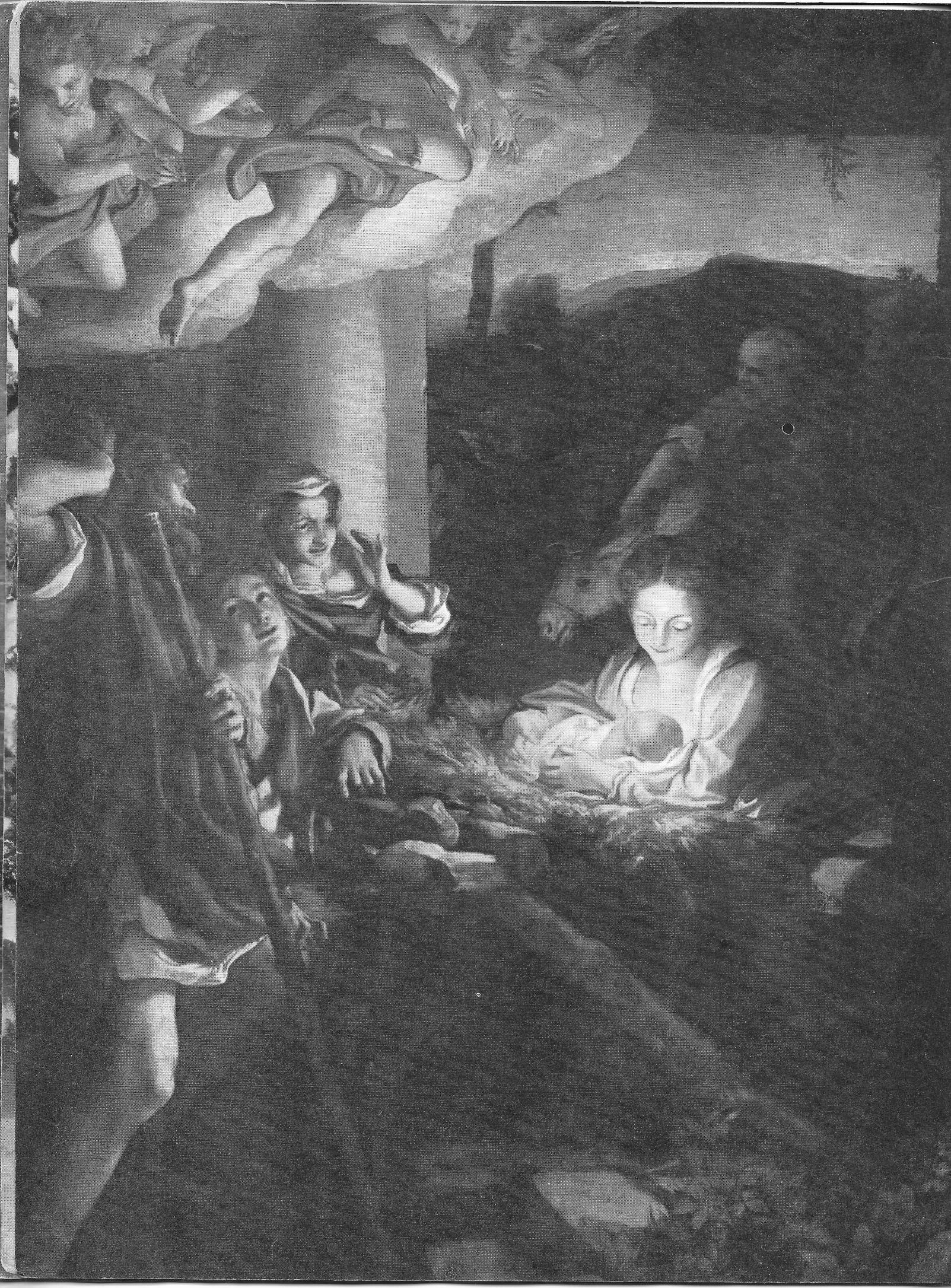
The Pepperell Sheet

PUBLISHED BY
PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
for the enjoyment of its
employees and friends

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Fall River, Mass.; Lindale, Ga.;
and Opelika, Ala.

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Do you remember

CHRISTMAS

in the old Country?



Greece

by

Nick Petreas
of Biddeford

Nick was born in Calamata, one of the largest cities in Greece. Over there, Easter is more important than Christmas, but Christmas comes next, and they celebrate all day and the day after. On Christmas Eve they all dress up in their best clothes and go to church, and afterward each one is presented with a branch of myrrh, in commemoration of the myrrh that the Magi brought to Bethlehem. Then they go home and eat a special kind of doughnut that is cooked in olive oil and cheese, for the first time after abstaining from meat, eggs and dairy products for 40 days. Of course, some of the people in the big cities celebrate like westerners, with Christmas trees and presents. But in Greek families they usually exchange presents on New Year's Day instead, because they think it starts out the new year right.



Russia

by

Walter Zuk
of Biddeford

Christmas is the best time of the year in Russia. It means dancing, social gatherings, playing cards, and above all, eating lots of nuts. They have Christmas trees like ours, but not with

Pepperell people tell about the different and beautiful Christmas customs of other lands and other times.

electric lights, and they give presents, too. The Christmas celebration starts on January 15th, and lasts for four days. They go to church at midnight the night before, and then for the next four days it's visiting friends and eating more nuts and more dancing. They hitch up the old horse to the sleigh and go from one village to another calling on friends. Usually it's below zero, but that doesn't make any difference, when there's dancing and a good time to be had.



Denmark

by

James Johnson
of Biddeford

I wasn't born in Denmark, but my parents came from Copenhagen. I often heard them tell about Christmas, which was the biggest day of the year next to Easter. Months beforehand Mother would start preparing the Danish pastry, and you all know how good Danish pastry is. Fruit cakes and other good things were put away to age for the big feast. Then the day before she would make prune pie and cookies and tarts and other pies with whipped cream. Then there was a sort of head cheese, called "seult," made of pork and veal spiced up well and placed in brine. One thing that's different there is that they don't teach the children to believe in

Santa Claus. On Christmas Eve they went to church at eight o'clock and came home for the presents around the Christmas tree. Now I understand they go to church at midnight. On Christmas Day there was the big feast, and it went right on every day up to New Year's. Danes love to eat. We were a family of twelve, and each of us had to earn the money to pay for the gifts we gave. But somehow I never was able to hold onto my money, and I've seen the time when all I had was a dollar and had to stretch that dollar to buy presents for eleven. Well, anyway, "Glela Ule," everybody. That's the Danish way of saying, "Merry Christmas!"



Scotland

by

Margaret Marnoch
of Fall River

To the Scot, a haggis is a big part of a celebration. It's cooked in a pudding tied in a bag, round like this, and made of oatmeal and onions and spices and meat. Believe me, it's very tasty, it's very good! I was an infant when I came from Scotland, but I've heard my people say that over there they celebrate more at the New Year than they do at Christmas. Then they make currant bun, a sort of fruitcake, but that's our way of naming it. And shortbread, a form of pastry, mostly butter, which makes it very rich. They make it fancy by trimming it with candies, and make individual ones to give to friends. And of course, plum pudding, which is better known as plum duff, that is, to the Scot. (*Continued on following page*)

Christmas in the Old Country. (Continued)

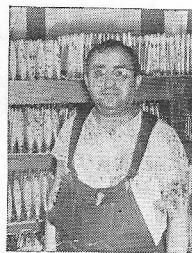


Madeira

by

**Joao Marques
of Fall River**

They don't give Christmas presents much in Madeira, just maybe some oranges. We go to Midnight Mass, of course, and have turkey for dinner, like they do here, but it isn't cold there—not hot either—just right. But New Year's is a big celebration. They have wonderful fireworks, like your Fourth of July, only more. People come from England, America, and everywhere to see the fireworks, and the island is high, so they can watch from the boats. Sometimes I remember sixteen boats in the bay.



Syria

by

**Ameen Mitry
of Fall River**

I was only seven years old when I left Lebanon, Syria, for Egypt, but I still remember Christmas there. There were no snowflakes to make everything complete, but the air was crisp, and the churches all lighted up. In that country the ladies don't sit with the men in church. They have a balcony with a screen that they look through. And sometimes the young fellows would go around to the church

and ring the bells to show how strong they were. We had no Christmas trees, but we got little presents from our godfathers and relatives, money and different things like that, and colored candies with almonds inside, that we played games with. What is most important is the spirit of Christmas, and I guess that's the same everywhere.



Italy

by

**Pasquale Polselli
of Fall River**

I came from a little town called Arce, between Naples and Rome, came over here when I was 16 years old in 1922. There were seven children in our family, and we hung our stockings up, but we always thought that St. Joseph brought the cakes and candies. I remember Midnight Mass was wonderful. There was a big high altar in the church with about 25 steps leading up to it, all flowers and candles and lights, and on one side there was a small basket. Just at twelve o'clock the basket would come up, and the Infant Jesus and all the people and the donkeys and animals, and there would be incense coming out of the animals' mouths. Then on the way out of church afterward you'd stop and shake hands with all your friends, and it was very good fun. If you had had an argument with anyone during the year, that was the time, at Christmas, to shake hands and be friends again.

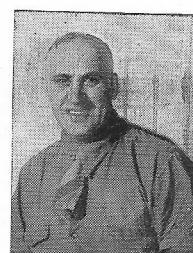


Ireland

by

**William Shanahan
of Fall River**

It's not much different over in Ireland. The only thing is about Santa Claus—we used to call him Father Christmas, or Daddy Christmas, and we kept on believing in him for a long time. I was twelve years old and confirmed and I believed in him. We had no Christmas trees, but we did have mistletoe, usually over the kitchen door. You'd tie it up and then wait for the right one to step under it. We'd be in bed early Christmas Eve, and sound asleep, because they told us if our eyes were open he wouldn't come, and we believed it too. I was eighteen when I left Ireland. My home was in Portlaw, a small village in County Waterford. They had a cotton mill there and a big estate of Lord and Lady Waterford—they own the place. My folks worked in that mill. I was eighteen when I came over, and I was all right till I got to Boston. You have a nice trip, all together on the boat, but then you split up, and I came to my aunt in Boston, and oh, was I lonesome! Then later I came to Fall River. Bridget, my wife, comes from the same place in Ireland. She came over before I did and she was in Fall River, and I was only a week in town when I found her!

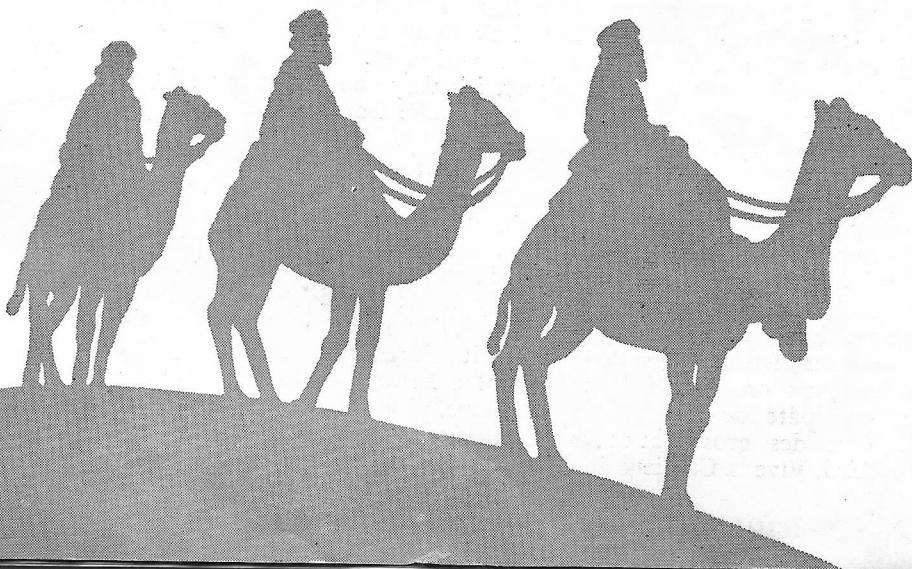


Newfoundland

by

**John Rolfe
of Biddeford**

I come from a little mining town by the name of Tiltcove, Newfoundland. And by the way, it's pronounced just the way it's spelled—New-found-land. Some people here say it wrong. Christmas down there is about like it is here, only we observe it for 12 days, or rather I should say 12 nights. The miners work all day and dance every night. Then on the Twelfth Night, called Old Christmas Night, we had mummies, which was nothing more than going to another dance, but in costume. I remember once I went dressed as a pirate. We got someone to play the accordion and went from



house to house dancing and having refreshments. I was 14 when I left, and they used to give me lime juice. But the miners had started months before pooling their wages, and they'd get a sea captain to stop on his way back from St. John and bring back some rum. New Year's Eve was quite a night, too. The townspeople would fire guns and blow whistles and then dance until six in the morning, when the miners would go back to work. Now that I look back on it, it must have taken those fellows eleven months to rest up, in time to start all over again.

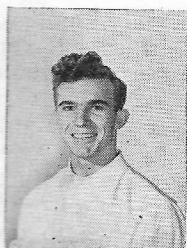


Brazil

by

Alfredo Paolo
of Fall River

Alfredo hasn't been up here from Brazil very long, so he still does most of his talking in Portuguese, but the reporter found an interpreter and then Alfredo brightened up and started telling about Christmas in Brazil—with lots of smiles and gestures to illustrate what he was saying. He says Christmas down there is practically like it is here, and they have Christmas trees decorated just like the ones here, only it isn't winter. But one thing they have that we don't have here is a big parade on Christmas day, ox teams and people and horses all decorated and parading through the streets, with music! Afterward they dance outdoors.



British West Indies

by

Norman McKinstry
of Lewiston

My father was in the British colonial service, so I moved all around the West Indies. Of course it's never very cold there—48° is the coldest, and you can bank on it being about 80° for Christmas. We have much the same Christmas customs that you have here. Everybody goes out to beg, borrow or steal a pine tree or a fir tree to put in the parlor and decorate with lights and snowflakes and gifts. We sing carols sometimes, but for real carol singing it has to be cold.



England

by

Evelyn Spencer
of Fall River

Yes, I come from England, from Brierfield in Lancashire. I've been here almost ten years now, but as soon as they talk to me they can tell. I was a weaver there, too, on silk weaving. Christmas was very much the same over there. We hung our stockings at open fireplaces as you do, but of course when you were older you got a pillow case hung up. When we were children we used to go to all our relatives' doors and sing carols, And at Christmas time we gave *The Messiah* at all the churches. I sang in the church choir and when I got further advanced I used to sing the principal parts, so that I really know it from A to Z, as you might say. We had no Christmas trees in our homes in England, but we had holly and lights and all the trimmings, and mistletoe hung between the rooms. If a young man caught a young lady under it she kissed him. And if a young lady caught a young man, he gave her a gift.

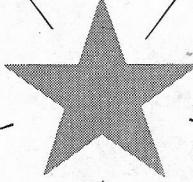


Canada

by

Alice Talbot
of Lewiston

Alice and her sister Marie came from a family of ten, and were brought up on a farm at Cacouna, way up near Rivière du Loup. They like to talk French better than English, so the reporter stumbled along as best he could in French, asking them what Christmas was like up in Canada. Well, Alice said, they hung their stockings by the chimney, just as we do here, and St. Nicholas put little things in them. And every house had a little crib, with St. Joseph and Mary and "l'Enfant Jésus." And there was the "Messe de Minuit"—they drove over by sleigh. Nice Christmas hymns, like "Adeste Fidelis" and "Il est né, le divin Enfant." And after that, "le réveillon." What's a réveillon? A sort of party at home after Mass, with "toutes sortes de bonsoirs. Puis on buvait et on mangeait—une pâté de viande—les canadiens, c'est des gros mangeurs. Puis on chantait, Vive la Compagnie."



Poland

by

Stanislaw Zmuda
of Fall River

The city where I lived, Cracow, was a big city—it had a trolley car already in 1913. I was 16 years old when I came over here, but I remember the Christmas trees were like the ones here. We hung candles on the branches, and put on all kinds of stars made of different colored paper. Christmas Eve my mother used to make a kind of turnover with sauerkraut and hamburg and mashed potatoes all wrapped up together and cooked. We'd eat them just before we started for church for Midnight Mass. Mass lasted close to two hours, and we were very sleepy sometimes.



Lithuania

by

Anne Banville
of Lewiston

No, I wasn't born in Lithuania, but my parents came from there, and I've heard my mother talk about Christmas over there. She used to say they made quite a feast, all kinds of pastries, and dressing up in nice clothes, fancy blouses and embroidered aprons, and wreaths of flowers on their heads. I wish I could tell you more about it, but I will tell you how to say Merry Christmas in Lithuanian—it's "Linksmu Kalebu."



Pepperell's hello girls have been talking to each other for a long while—now meet in pictures for the first time.

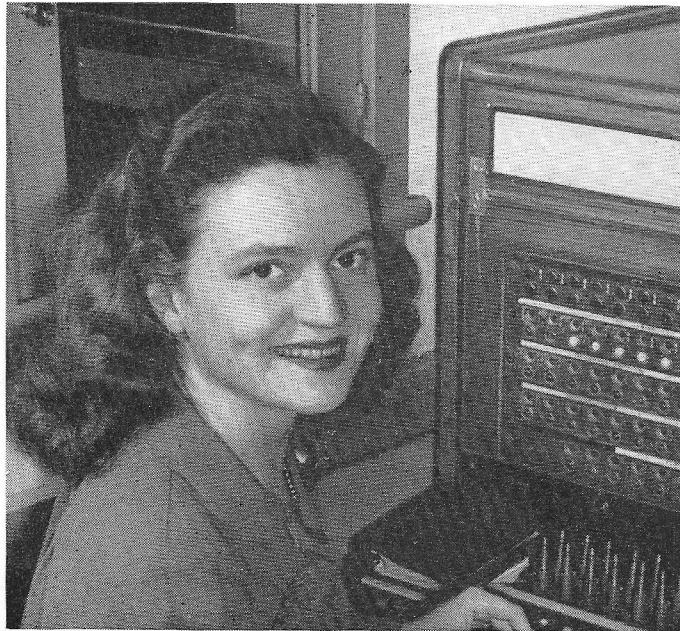
"Good Morning, Pepperell Fabrics"

It's a smiling greeting you get when you call any one of the Pepperell telephone numbers. Whether it's Biddeford or Boston, Lewiston or Lindale, New York or Fall River or Opelika—you get that "voice with a smile" on the other end of the line—"Good morning, Pepperell Fabrics." Those girls really make you feel glad you called, just as though they were standing at the front door saying, "Come right in! Glad to see you!"

We asked May Hogan, Pepperell's Boston operator, to let us in on some of the secrets of a good operator. Her first answer was, "Are you kidding?" But finally we convinced her we were serious about it. And when it comes to operating a switchboard, May knows what she's talking about. She was a regular operator for the Telephone Company for years, and she's really tops in her line. "Well," said May, "there's no great secret to it,

except just to be prompt and polite, and really try to help people. They're usually calling on business that's important, and you've got to get the call right through for them. A good memory for voices and numbers is important, and of course a good disposition is a big help." At that we made a corny crack about May's own famous good humor, but she only laughs at compliments. All she'd say was; "Are you kidding!"

Lewiston . . .



Madge Dutil, operator at Lewiston, likes her job because she really enjoys meeting and talking to people. She was glad we were going to have pictures of all the operators in the Pepperell Sheet, because she's talked to the others so often that she's been wanting to know what they look like.

Biddeford . . .



Never a dull moment, says Priscilla Shevenell about her job at the Biddeford switchboard. Every day there's something new. Priscilla used to work in the Blanket Cloth Room. She goes in for sports, and is quite an enthusiastic bowler. Summers she's apt to head for Old Orchard and swimming.

Boston . . .

May Hogan's full life has included service in the Navy in World War I, first as a Chaplain's Assistant, and then in the Payroll Office, where she took care of four destroyers and two submarines, so well that the crews presented her with a beautiful wrist watch in appreciation of her fine service. May came to Pepperell from the Telephone Company as a relief operator, but she liked us so well she never wanted to leave. We hope she never will!



Biddeford . . .



Violet Cummings is Second Shift Operator at Biddeford, on duty from 3:30 to midnight. She's been with Pepperell since 1933, and did clerical work in various departments before she was on the switchboard. Violet's hobby is knitting, and her knit rugs are the envy of her friends.

Fall River . . .



Bella Mello welcomes both telephone callers and visitors at Fall River, with a soft voice and gentle smile. Like so many local Pepperell families, Bella's father came from the Portuguese Atlantic Islands, so she can help out Portuguese callers in their native language.



Starting as a Loom Cleaner, Alcide Perreault worked his way up to Foreman.

He Knew What He Wanted

And men like Alcide Perreault go right after the things they want

Any young man who is wondering about the chances for advancement in the textile business will be interested in the story of Alcide Perreault. It shows you what can be done by anyone who has the determination to set a goal for himself and then work toward it. Of course Alcide himself is still a young man, and is a very modest person, and he'd be the last one to think of himself as an example. But anyway, here's his story, and you can judge for yourself.

In many ways Alcide Perreault is a typical Pepperellite. He was born

in Fort Kent, but brought up in Biddeford, one of a family of fourteen children. Eleven of them are still living, and, incidentally, every single one of them is married. No slackers in that family! His father and mother had worked for Pepperell at one time, and he used to hear a lot about the company from them and from his classmates at St. Louis High. But just about the time when Alcide was thinking about going to work, his family moved to Connecticut, so he went with them, and stayed there for seven years. They say

that it was a little girl he used to know as a child, Aline Roy, who brought him back to Biddeford. Aline was growing up into a very pretty girl, and she and Alcide had always been interested in the same things, particularly music, and at any rate he did come back, and in no time they were married.

A Natural

When Alcide went looking for a job in Biddeford, it was natural for him to think of Pepperell. Several of the Perreaults had worked here already, and as a matter of fact there are three others besides Alcide in the Biddeford mill today. Edwin is a Foreman in the Weave Room, and Bertha and Jeannette are weavers. At the time Alcide applied for a job the only opening was for a loom cleaner. He took the job, and did well at it. But as soon as he felt he knew what there was to know about loom cleaning, he started looking around at the next job ahead of him, which was weaving. All the time he was cleaning looms he was watching weavers and seeing how they did things, and the next time there was a weaver's job open he applied for it. His boss said, "Do you think you can weave?" and Alcide said, "Yes." He did a good job of weaving, too, learned all he possibly could about efficient operation of the looms. Every time he got a chance he watched the loomfixers at work, and asked them questions. Pretty soon he thought he was about ready to try loomfixing, and asked the boss to keep him in mind when there was an opening. There wasn't anything right then, but he waited patiently, all the time learning more about the job ahead of him. And when there was a loomfixer's job open, Alcide got the job.

That's how it went right along with Alcide always working toward the job ahead of him, and learning all he could about it, not only on the job, but through courses in the Vocational Textile School. The next move was to boss in the Weave Room, and from there he went to his present job of Foreman in the Sheeting Cloth Room. He's had this job for six years, and says it gets more interesting all the time. He thinks Overseer John Adams is as fine a boss as anybody could have, and he's just as enthusiastic about the people he has working for him. He likes to help the young fellows and girls to get ahead, and says there are a lot of fine opportunities for young people in Pepperell these days. He always advises them to study at the Vocational School, because he

knows how much the School helped him. Another thing that he says was a great help to him was getting to be "second-minded." That sounded a little like watching the clock, but he explained that he meant trying to keep the goods up to first quality, watching for the little things that can cause flaws and seconds. That way you get thinking along the lines of what you can do to improve the quality of goods that your department is turning out, and you find out a lot of things that you wouldn't otherwise.

But don't think that Alcide is one of these "all work and no play" people, because he enjoys life as much as anybody, more than most. Some time when you're near Clark Avenue, take a look at the Perreault's beautiful white house, all shining now with fresh paint. It's one of the prettiest houses in town, and Alcide has been making additions and improvements ever since they moved in. Two years ago they built on a dormer, and added two bedrooms and a bath, and now he's sporting a new garage. Alcide does a lot of the work himself, like screening and finishing floors and painting, and the house is a credit to him.

Musical Family

Perhaps if it's a warm day you'll see two little girls out playing in the lawn swing. Maybe you'll recognize them from their pictures on the cover of this issue of the Sheet. And the chances are they'll be singing at the



Pride and joy of Alcide and Aline Perreault are their cute little girls, Durelle and Joscelyn, aged five and three. Here they are getting ready for Christmas.

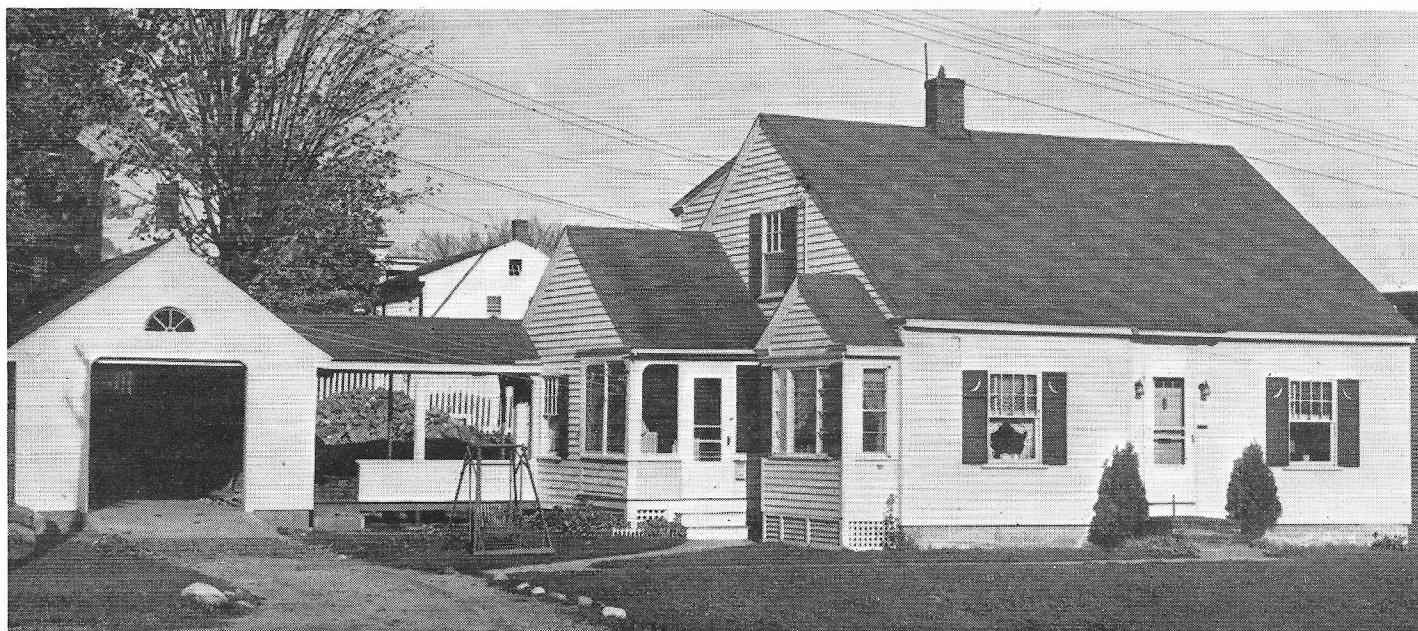
top of their voices, and you'll want to stop to listen. Durelle is only five, and Joscelyn is three and a half, but already they know all the words of most of the popular songs. At least Durelle knows them, and Joscelyn, or Jo as they call her, watches Durelle and follows along. Music comes naturally to all the Perreaults, because it's been a musical family right from

the start. Alcide and Aline played in an orchestra together for eight years, she at the piano and he on the alto saxophone. Alcide gave up playing when he was offered a better job on the second shift at the mill. Incidentally, he says the second shift is swell when you have small children, because it gives you time to be home with them in the daytime. But Aline kept right on with her music, and her band is in great demand all around this part of the country. Now Gerald, their oldest son, is studying piano too. It's a busy life for Aline, taking care of the house and the children and keeping up her piano practice. When she goes out for an evening engagement, her father, who lives with them, is home with the children. And when she's playing on a Saturday night, Alcide always shows up at the dance.

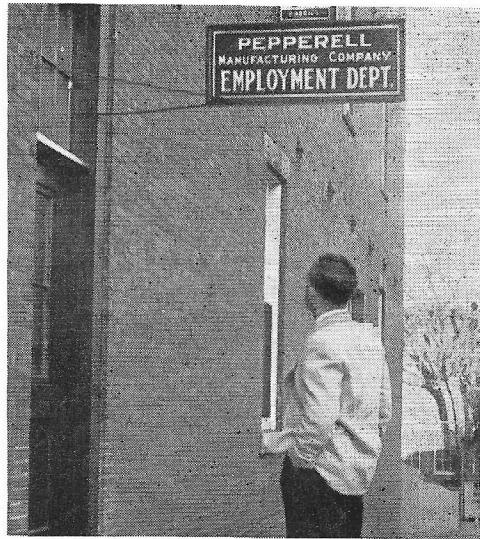
Happy Family

All in all there aren't many happier families than the Perreault family of Biddeford. And they deserve all the happiness they have, because they've worked hard for it. It takes a lot of determination, but people like Alcide prove that it's possible for a young man in Pepperell to go far, if he really concentrates on it. Whether it's in Biddeford or Lewiston or Fall River, or in one of the Southern mills, you'll find many ambitious young men like him forging steadily ahead. They're a real credit to Pepperell, and Pepperell is proud to be able to play a part in helping them on their way.

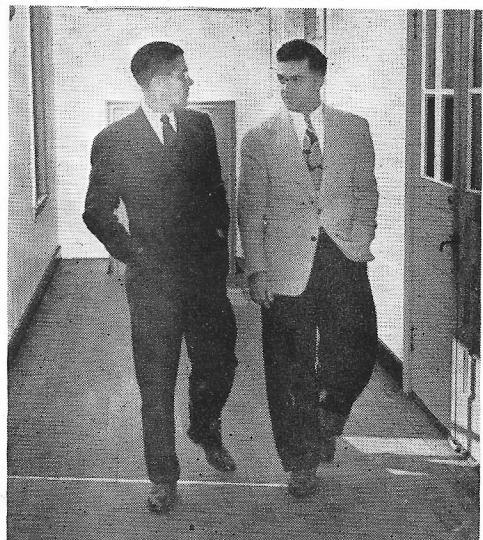
This is the pretty white house on Clark Avenue where Alcide and Aline Perreault and their family live.



Marcel



Back in Biddeford after 39 months in the Navy, with Saipan and Iwo Jima fading into dim memories, Marcel Baril was strolling down the street one day when he saw the sign—"Pepperell Employment Dept." Why not look things over, he thought.



Marcel's next question was, "What are my chances of getting ahead in Pepperell? I'm willing to work hard, but I want to see something ahead of me." "I don't blame you," said Bob, "and that's up to you. But come, I'll show you what I mean."

The PEPPERELL

Takes a Walk -

A STORY WITH
A HAPPY ENDING



2 Bob Steele, Employment Supervisor at the mill, asked Marcel a few questions about his qualifications, the kind of work he'd like to do. Then Marcel said he would like to ask some questions. "You know," he said, "this is a pretty important decision for me. It can make a big difference in my life, and I want to be sure what I'm doing."

3 "Fine," said Bob. "Suppose we change places. You sit down and fire the questions at me." Marcel grinned and sat down. "Fair enough," he said. "First, is this a business that's going to last? I want a job not for a month or a year, but maybe for a lifetime." "Well," said Bob, "All I can say is, we've lasted 103 years so far, and we're still going strong."



5 "This is our free Vocational Textile School, where you can sign up for courses in just about any textile subject—weaving, loomfixing, designing, even higher mathematics. You can be working on one job, and at the same time learning the job ahead of you, so that when there's an opportunity you're going to be ready to take advantage of it."

6 "Maybe safety isn't on your mind just now, but our safety record here is pretty remarkable, and we think one of the reasons for it is our Clinic. This is Miss Lamothe. Either she or another nurse is always on duty. So anyone with a little scratch or a splinter can come in and get it fixed before it turns into anything serious."



7 "Most people like our Cafeteria. But I don't need to tell you that — just look around. You can get a good hot meal here without leaving the mill, so that you have time enough for a smoke and a chat with your friends. You'll find the prices are low, because the Cafeteria operates on a non-profit basis."

8 "What's on today, Bernadette?" Bob asks the smiling lady who manages the Cafeteria—Bernadette Poisson. "Roast beef and gravy, potatoes, carrots, beets—or would you rather have onions?" answers Bernadette as she piles it on. A little further along the counter there are cool looking salads and fruit, pies and cakes and ice cream, and hot and cold drinks.



11 Back in the office, Bob asked, "Well, now that you've looked us over, what do you think of Pepperell?" "It looks O.K. to me," said Marcel. "But there's just one more question. For the long pull everything looks fine, but how about right now? What would it pay starting in for the job you described?"

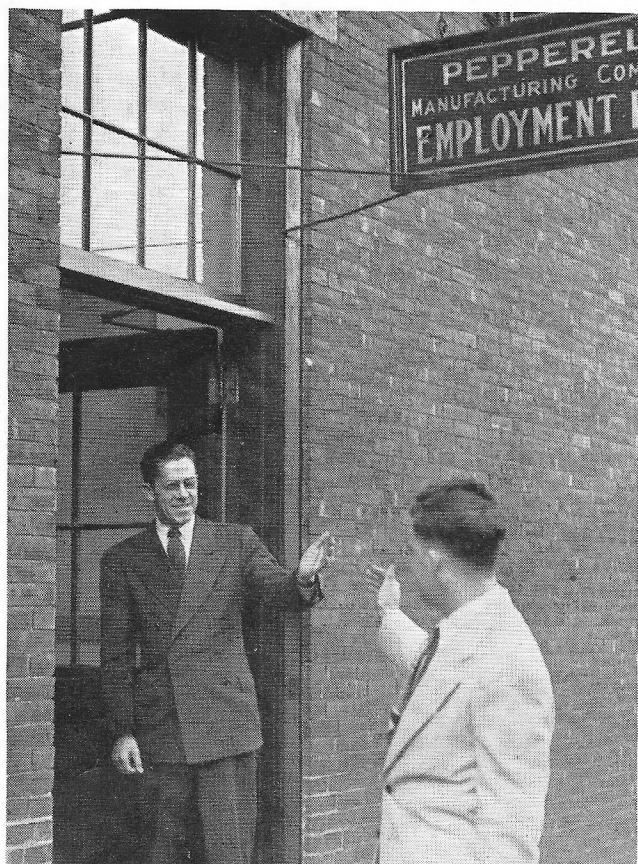


12 "Let's figure it out," said Bob. "Here's the hourly rate, and what it would amount to for a week's work. Of course there are deductions, for a few things like income tax and Social Security. Maybe you'll want to start a regular savings plan, putting part of it into U. S. Savings Bonds. But after everything, you'd still have this good week's pay to take home."



9 "While there's time today, take a look at our Laboratory—one more reason you can count on Pepperell business lasting for a long time to come. There are a lot of new things coming along in textiles, new fibers, and new ways of handling them. We're always looking ahead to improve our products, as well as making regular tests to keep up quality standards."

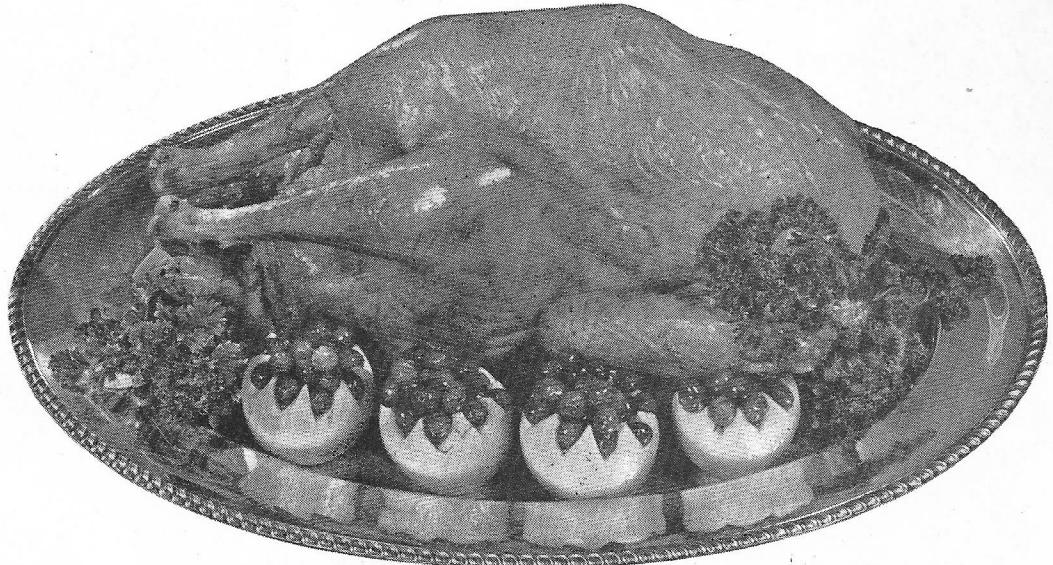
10 "I'd like to have you meet Mr. Ludger Picher, the General Second Hand in the Carding Department. He started in with Pepperell 26 years ago as a Card Tender, the same job we're offering you. His first step up was to Grinding—that's one of the courses you could take at the Vocational School that I told you about."



13 A broad smile was slowly settling on Marcel's face. "That just about settles it," he said. "Pepperell looks like a good bet to me. I'd like to take that job as card tender." Bob was happy too. "Well," he said, "maybe you'll think I'm just saying this. But I think you've made a good decision. Why not come in tomorrow? . . . O.K., I'll be looking for you."

Turkey Time Recipes

By Marjorie Mills



Roast Turkey

For a 12 pound bird, allow about 10 cups stuffing. Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ pound per serving.

Rub outside of bird lightly with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place breast side up in uncovered roaster. Roast in moderate oven (350 degrees F.), allowing 25 to 30 minutes per pound. Baste occasionally with fat from pan or a mixture of butter and hot water. Turn turkey breast down 30 minutes before it is done. To determine when a turkey is done, insert a two-tined fork in the thickest part of breast and second joint. If the juice does not show red and the meat is tender, the turkey is ready to be removed from the oven.

If you find the breast and thighs brown too quickly, place a slice of fresh bread over the browned parts.

Apple Stuffing

1 cup diced salt pork	1 cup corn meal
1½ cups chopped celery	3 cups fine dry bread crumbs
1 cup sliced or chopped onion	12 apples (tart), diced
1 cup sugar	Salt and pepper

Fry pork until crisp, remove pieces. Cook celery, onion in fat five minutes and remove. Put apples in fat and sugar, cover and cook slowly until tender. Uncover and cook until glazed.

Add crumbs, corn meal, salt pork scraps and celery and onion and season with one tablespoon poultry seasoning, or more to taste.

Scalloped Onions

8 medium-sized onions	1/3 cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter or margarine	½ cup milk

Peel onions, and boil till tender. Have ready a buttered baking dish. Fry finely

ground bread crumbs in the fat, stirring so they will not burn; sprinkle a few in bottom of dish; put in onions; sprinkle rest of buttered crumbs over the top; pour milk in at side of dish, so as not to dislodge crumbs. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven (350 degrees). Serves six.

Golden Potatoes

2 cups mashed potatoes	1/3 cup hot milk
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons melted butter
Dash white pepper	2 egg yolks, beaten

Mash the potatoes thoroughly and add the salt, pepper, hot milk. Whip till very light, folding in the melted butter. Finally, whip in the beaten egg yolks. Pile irregularly in a serving dish, sprinkle lightly with paprika and place in a hot oven until the peaks of the mashed potatoes become a nice brown.

Creamed Cauliflower au Gratin

1 cauliflower	1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
3 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 tablespoon grated cheese
4 tablespoons flour	1 pint milk
	1/2 teaspoon salt

Cook cauliflower until tender, keeping it whole or broken in flowerets, as preferred. Drain. Make sauce of remaining ingredients and pour over it.

Date Cookies

1 cup butter	3 large eggs
1 cup white sugar	1/2 cup sugar
1 cup brown sugar	1/2 cup water
4 cups flour	1 pound chopped dates
1 teaspoon soda	
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Cream butter and sugars. Add well beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift flour and soda together three times and add gradually to other mixture. Make into two rolls, let stand in refrigerator overnight.

Cut into one-third inch slices spread with mixture made of the remaining ingredients which have been cooked over slow fire until thick enough to spread. Bake.

Lemon Cream Sherbet

1/2 cup corn syrup	1 cup water
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 cup lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 cup heavy cream

Combine corn syrup, sugar, salt and water and dissolve over low heat. Cool. Add cold lemon juice. Whip cream until stiff, then fold into lemon mixture. Add a little grated lemon rind if desired, and turn into the freezing tray of a refrigerator. Freeze until firm, stirring twice during the process. Serves 6.

Jellied Plum Pudding

1 envelope granulated gelatin	1/4 cup currants
1/2 cup cold water	2/3 cup dates
1 cup milk	1/4 cup nuts, chopped
3/4 square chocolate (or 3 tablespoons cocoa)	1/2 cup sugar
	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup seeded raisins	1/4 teaspoon vanilla
	2 egg whites

Put milk with chopped fruit in double boiler. When cooked slightly add cocoa or chocolate which has been melted and mixed with part of the sugar and a little milk to make a smooth paste. Soften gelatin in cold water. Add to the hot chocolate mixture and stir until dissolved. Add sugar and salt and stir thoroughly. Remove from fire, cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, add nuts and vanilla, and lastly fold in whites of eggs beaten very stiff. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water, decorate with whole nutmeats and raisins. Chill. When firm remove to serving dish. May be served with a thin fruit or jelly sauce. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream to those who aren't counting calories.

Deep-Dish Ruby Pie

2½ cups cranberries	½ cup hot water
1¾ cups sugar	Pastry
3 bananas, sliced	

Stem and wash cranberries. Add sugar and water. Cook, covered, until berries stop popping. Put one-third of the berries in deep pie plate, greased; add layer of sliced bananas. Make alternate layers of berries and bananas. Cover with pie crust fitted tightly, with slashed top. Bake 15 minutes in a 450 degree F. oven.

Dark Orange Cake

1 cup raisins	
½ cup nut meats	2 beaten eggs
Rind of 1 medium orange	¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other fat	2 cups flour
1 cup sugar	1 cup sour milk
	1 teaspoon soda
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Put raisins, nut meats and orange rind through the meat grinder, using fine blade. Cream fat and sugar together, add eggs and beat well. Sift flour with salt and add alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Add vanilla. Bake 40 minutes or until done in a greased pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

Chewy Honey Cookies

½ cup shortening	¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar	1 cup quick-cooking oats
½ cup honey	1 cup shredded coconut
1 egg	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup flour	½ cup chopped nutmeats
½ teaspoon soda	
½ teaspoon baking powder	

Cream shortening, sugar and honey together until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg and blend together. Sift flour with dry ingredients and stir well. Add oats, coconut and vanilla; then nuts. Spread on a greased baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Cut in bars when still warm.

Prune Tarts

Prunes	½ cup sugar
1 yeast cake	3 tablespoons
1 tablespoon sugar	melted butter
½ cup milk	1¼ cups flour
1 cup flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten	Thick sweet cream

Soak prunes in warm water overnight. Dissolve the yeast cake with the tablespoon of sugar in the half cup of milk, which must be previously scalded and then cooled to lukewarm. (To determine this important temperature, try a drop of it on your wrist.) To this liquid, add one cup of flour, and allow to rise in a warm place for three-quarters of an hour until light and spongy. Beat the egg well, stirring in the half cup of sugar, and then adding the melted butter, one and a quarter cups of flour, and the salt. Knead slightly, and place in a greased pan to rise to double its bulk. Then roll the dough to half-inch thickness, and place

in an oblong pan with sides at least one and a half inches deep. Pull the dough to the top of the sides, and then allow to rise for another half hour. Then brush it with melted butter, and pour in thick sweet cream to a depth of from three-quarters to a full inch. Pit the prunes and lay them in close rows in the pan, and sprinkle heavily with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned. Serve warm or cooled. (With a plentiful supply of coffee, this makes an ample breakfast in itself.)

Apple Scallop

½ cup flour	¼ cup brown sugar,
¼ cup butter or margarine	packed firmly
4 cups sliced apples	Sprinkling of cinnamon

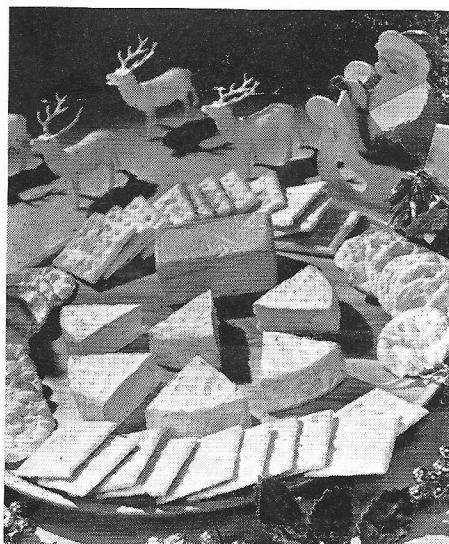
Blend flour, butter or margarine, and sugar with pastry blender to form crumbly mixture. Arrange apples in greased baking dish; sprinkle with cinnamon and cover with flour mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees) about 45 minutes, or until apples are tender and crumbs brown. Serve with Cream or Lemon Sauce. Serves 6.

Rolled Sugar Cookies

(85 cookies)

½ cup butter or margarine	1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 egg	Flour to roll
1 tablespoon milk	(about 3 cups)

Let the fat stand in a mixing bowl in a warm room until soft; add the sugar, egg, milk, and vanilla; mix thoroughly. Sift the baking powder with part of the flour; stir into the mixture in the bowl; stir in additional flour until the dough is stiff enough to roll after chilling. Chill; roll very thin; cut into rounds with a cookie cutter; lift the rounds on to a greased baking sheet with a spatula. Sprinkle with sugar; bake in a hot oven



Assorted cheese and crispy crackers help make holiday entertaining easy and informal. Serve with hot coffee or cider.

(425 degrees F.) until delicately browned or about 5 minutes.

For special occasions the cookies may be cut with fancy cutters and decorated after they have been placed on the baking sheets. Dip nut meats, pieces of candied cherries, or angelica into egg white and arrange on the cookies in a conventional design. Bake as directed above.

Fudge Squares

1/3 cup butter or	¾ cup dark corn syrup
3 squares unsweetened chocolate	1 cup sifted flour
2 eggs, beaten	½ cup ready-to-eat bran cereal
¼ cup sugar	½ cup chopped nuts
¼ teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter and chocolate in a saucepan over very low heat. Beat eggs until light, then beat in sugar, salt and corn syrup gradually. Fold in flour and bran cereal, nuts and vanilla. Add chocolate mixture and blend. Turn into a greased shallow square pan, 8 by 8 inches. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 30 minutes. Cut into squares when cold.

Snow Drops

⅔ cup butter	1 cup walnuts, chopped
4 tablespoons confectioner's sugar	2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups cake flour	1 teaspoon water

Beat the butter until creamy and add the confectioner's sugar. Stir in and blend well the remaining ingredients. Chill until firm enough to shape with fingers. Form into small, date-shaped pieces. Roll in sifted confectioner's sugar as soon as removed from oven. Bake 10-12 minutes in a 400-degrees F. oven. Makes 60 cookies.

Brown Burrs

2 packages (8-ounces) dates	1 cup walnut meats
2 packages (8-ounces) lemon juice	2 tablespoons
	shredded coconut
	2 tablespoons chopped candied orange peel or grated orange rind

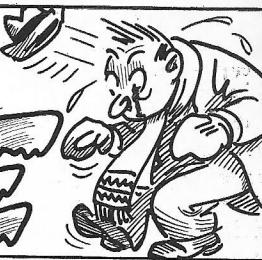
Put dates, one package of the coconut and nutmeats through meat grinder. Add lemon juice and orange peel, knead until blended and shape into small balls. Cut remaining coconut quite fine and toast to a delicate brown. Roll balls immediately in toasted coconut and set aside to dry. Makes about 50 burrs.

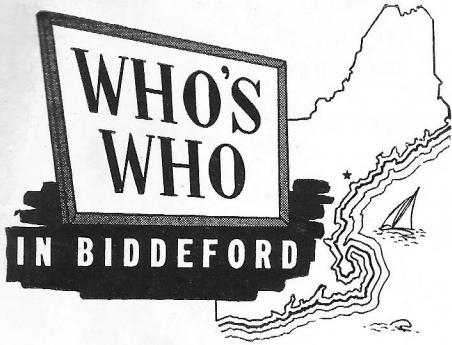
Chocolate Krispies

1 bar semi-sweet chocolate	½ cup ground coconut
2 cups rice krispies	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup walnuts	

Melt the chocolate over slow heat. Chop the walnuts and add to the krispies and coconut. Remove melted chocolate from the fire and stir in the other ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper and put in a cool place to harden. Once they are hard they won't melt.

DANGER— WATCH OUT FOR ICE





BLANKET CLOTH ROOM

REPORTERS: Vivian Bizantakos, Cleo Mantis

¶ If anybody wants to see a real live model out of Esquire, just go to the 11 o'clock Mass at St. Mary's any Sunday and take a peek at Evelyn up in the choir loft. Her new outfit is a dazzler! Wow!

¶ We wonder why Rachel has been standing in front of a local store window admiring a beautiful wedding gown lately. Could it be -at last?

¶ We wonder why Pat's been getting red in the face lately. Could it be that Wild Bill is rushing things again?

¶ News of the month: Roland Lemire getting a "mild" case of laryngitis. It was heavenly while it lasted, if you get what I mean!

¶ We wish to extend our sympathy to Leo Harriman on the loss of his father; also to Vivian Bizantakos and Kay Lamb whose sisters passed away.

¶ The unexpected downfall of the Boston Red Sox took most of the loyal baseball rooters for a tumbling financial loss. So again was the case when the much-heralded St. Louis team, in this instance football, took on an aggressive and deceptive Biddeford. Even now I can see all the drawn-out faces that paraded the premises of this mill after the all important game. But cheer up, all you St. Louis fans, never say die!

¶ One more item of importance (at least we think so). We wonder if some people consider it their own sole privilege to put all their nickels in the candy machine just as soon as the candy is accessible. Thanks to the company man, these very few observing people take notice and rush to the Canteen. And now I wish to kindly ask you to try to consider the feelings and stomachs of all.

¶ Reports have it that Gladys Carroll, who has been feeling very weak because of the meat shortage, has regained enough strength

back since the O. P. A. decontrol to put her hair up in pin curls again. Very becoming, Gladys.

¶ Pauline Thibeault motored to Canada to attend her uncle's wedding.

¶ Speaking of Canada brings to mind last month's "Quebec" edition which was found interesting by all, especially by old folks who at one time or another lived in Canada.

¶ Clear the roads, everybody! Another woman driver on the loose! Beverly Tibbets finally passed the road test. We hear it was faulty breaks the first time.

¶ Janice returned to work looking well after taking a week off for a tonsilectomy. It wasn't too bad, eh, Janice?

¶ Paul Grenier is being seen taking walks to the Westbrook Skating Rink to see if the ice is in good skating condition. Did you sharpen your skates yet?

¶ Won't someone please return Ida's pencil sharpener? It was such a good one and we all miss it.

¶ Glad to hear you all had a nice Thanksgiving — here's wishing you a very Merry Christmas.

¶ We wish a speedy recovery to Alice Donahue, who is out sick at present.

¶ Rolande Bouchard spent a week in Norfolk, Va., when she visited Conrad Bonneau who is in the Navy, and came back displaying a beautiful diamond ring. Best of luck to you both.

¶ Theresa Lebrecque spent a few days in Montreal recently with relatives and friends, where she visited St. Joseph Oratoire.

¶ Alice Cleaves' daughter has just received her discharge from the WAC. Alice is very happy to have her back.

¶ We welcome back Germaine Lessard, Thelma Perkins and Ruth Nolette, who had been out for a few months, and all the other new girls of this department.

¶ Amedeo Minuiti, Mary's son, has just been married. We wish him and his new bride the best of luck and happiness.

BLANKET SPINNING DEPT.

REPORTERS: Katrinka and Kate Smith

¶ We hear Henry is very popular. Keep up the good work, Henry.

¶ Glad you had a good trip, Danny.

¶ How's your heartbeat, Harold? Harold went hunting the other day and met up with a cow that had a cold. She was a He! Better luck next time.

¶ How does it feel to be a granddad, Pat?

¶ We wish to welcome Adrienne Delorge and Roger Alley to our room.

¶ Wilfred, we are still waiting for you to announce the big day.



Terry Little of Biddeford, showing off her puppy, Butch. Terry's sister, Jeanette Lajoie, is also employed in Room 74.

¶ If anyone has any welding to do, see Adrienne. He says he can weld most anything but broken hearts.

¶ Too bad, Johnny, the Red Sox just didn't make it. Better luck next time.

¶ If anyone needs a baby sitter just get in touch with our curly-haired fellow. We hear he is getting good at it.

¶ Everyone was sorry to see our poet leave. We miss those poems. Hope you like your new job, Blondie.

¶ We have another proud papa; this time it is Walter.

¶ We wish to congratulate Carol Nelson on his recent marriage. The best of luck.

SHEETING WEAVING

REPORTERS: Mabel Normand, Terry Liotte.

¶ Mr. W. Lepine, Mr. and Mrs. Boucher, Mrs. C. Paul, Mrs. M. Parent and Mr. A. Blanchette attended Lacordaire Convention at St. Joseph Oratoire in Montreal, October 19.

¶ While in Montreal, Mrs. M. Parent, with her daughter Irene, visited some of her relatives whom she hadn't seen in 40 years.

¶ Mrs. Paul visited a sister who is a nun in Montreal.

¶ We wonder who the two young girls were that we saw riding with Wilfred in a caleche going up Mt. Royal?

¶ We have two new cleaners in 10-2, Mrs. Adilia Roy and Mrs. Josephine Turcotte. Hope you enjoy working with us.

¶ Pauline Lambert is now working on the first shift again, but I hear that the second shift misses her very much.

¶ Doris Demers, former battery hand in 10-2, is now weaving in 8-1 on the 1st shift.

¶ Roma Barbeau, weaver in 10-2, is now married to handsome Lloyd Chute. We wish you both the best of luck.

¶ Marie Berthiaume, battery hand in 10-2, went to Montreal to visit her sister, and attended a wedding while there.

¶ Cold weather will soon be here so everybody better get their red flannels out. As for the ones who don't own a pair, better hurry and get some (or they will be left out). Flannels are hard to get nowadays.



Richard, Carl and Paul are the sons of Paul Hevey, a Loomfixer in Room 51 at Biddeford. Richard is five years old, Carl is fifteen months and Paul is seven. The boys' grandmother is Exilia Pauer, who is a Doffer in Room 54-B at the mill.

Who's Who in Biddeford (Cont.)

¶ Irene Jalbert, battery hand in 10-2, visited relatives in Canada. Hope you had a pleasant trip, Irene.

¶ Funny but it seems as if everybody went to Canada this year. Wonder what Canada has that New York hasn't.

¶ Looks like we will have to make the clocks a little larger for Dot. Somehow she has difficulty in seeing them.

¶ We wish to welcome the return of Mabel Normand after an extended leave of absence. Yes, and to Dorothy Beek and Irene Rosignol, who were confined to the hospital. Nice seeing you gals back with us.

¶ Leopold is our man. Sort of chicken-hearted you know. He found the deer to be too friendly on his hunting trip.

¶ Henry Bergeron is no slouch when it comes to hunting. He came back with a 14-point buck.

¶ Sometime, Mr. Perreault, please introduce us to that cute little errand girl. Well, anyway, she's doing a swell job as we see it from here.

¶ Ah yes, and a very big "hello" to the new employees in this department.

SHEETING SLASHING

REPORTER: Beecher Dunn

¶ At the time of this writing we have visions of tender luscious servings of venison. Our own Willie Ouellette is about to head into the deep forest for a week of good hunting. Then, too, our mighty nimrod, Jim Johnson, is getting "that look" again. And when Jim takes his trusty rifle in hand no self-respecting deer will spurn his invitation to a woodland tryst!

¶ Gertrude Firth is at present away from us, while her mother recuperates from a broken wrist sustained a short time ago.

¶ Rose Guertin is out for a while because of illness.

¶ We have had with us for a few weeks some of the boys from the Saco-Lowell learner's group. They're a fine, friendly lot, and we enjoy them. Questioned about their observations while with us, they all agree on two points. They say that Pepperell people

are friendly and helpful. They also speak in glowing terms of our Cafeteria. We're proud as can be about that, and take this opportunity to pass the tribute along to Bernadette Poisson and her corps of efficient workers. At the present time the two boys working with us from Saco-Lowell are Winthrop Forbush and Charles Houreas. Best of luck to you both.

¶ Emma Hamm recently entertained her brother, Hector Cantara, at the Beach. Mr. Cantara also visited in Lewiston and Auburn.

¶ Mrs. Bennett reports that the foliage was never lovelier than she has seen it this fall during several motor trips about the countryside.

¶ The Slasher Room employees are loud in their praise of the "Quebec" number of the Sheet. Your reporter was favored with many requests for extra copies to send to Canadian friends, all of which requests were promptly taken care of.

¶ We have another little "reflected glory" item this month. Rose Judge may well be proud of her nephew, Raymond Cordeau, who is certainly doing his bit to put this season's football record high in the annals of Biddeford football history. Raymond has had to take it easy for a time, because of an injury. However, as this column is written we understand he's back in the game. Nice going lad. We're with you a hundred percent!

¶ For some time, we have felt that the Slasher Room is outstanding in the attainments of its workers. We have told of the exploits of our Johnny Collins. The prowess of the Terrible Trio has been noted. Ernest Rheault's outstanding contribution to the family life of our city, as well as Eddy St. Michel's versatile talents have graced this page. And now we present our number one feature — that brawny son of the soil — Farmer Mondeville. Such potatoes as our farmer raises were never seen — not even in Aroostook. And unbelievably large vegetables of all kinds are a regular habit with him. To climax the whole affair, they say that the United States Bureau of Standards has had to revise the size of a standard United States bushel. Seems as how Farmer Monde-

ville refused to cut his cabbages down to the size of a bushel basket, so Uncle Sam had to come to terms by making the basket large enough to fit the cabbage!

SHEETING CLOTH ROOM

REPORTERS: Antoinette Hannah, Pauline Demeule, Susie Snoop, Laura Allgrove

¶ We're all glad to see Mr. Perreault again after his being on days while Mr. Adams was enjoying his vacation.

¶ We welcome three new girls on the second shift: Henrietta Labbe, Edna Reed and Marie Doucette. Glad to have you with us, girls, and we hope you'll enjoy working here.

¶ Emma and Pauline spent a week-end in Lewiston visiting Emma's brother at the Sacred Heart School.

¶ Marcia spent another week-end in Boston recently. What's the big attraction, Marcia? We don't blame you after seeing his picture — hubba! hubba! hubba!

¶ What's the matter with Henrietta? The second day she was here she wanted to go to the Slasher room. Why don't you let us in on it too, Henrie?

¶ Hubba, hubba, you should all see Lu in her bathing suit. Even J. A. blushed when he saw the picture. It's better than Betty Grable!

¶ The girls on the second shift Bowling team are doing okay for themselves. They beat the second shift Abbottsford the second time they bowled. Keep it up, girls, and you'll be on top by the end of the season. The girls who are doing their stuff down at the alleys are: Rita Cote, Pauline Demeule, Mary Trafford, Marcia Tilley and Emma Laroche.

¶ We enjoyed having Armand for boss while Mr. P. was on days. Hope you enjoyed it too, Armand. You got a chance to rest your lame back and we hope it's much better now. Those rolls are awful heavy.

¶ Mrs. Morin entertained her brother from Hartford, Conn., for a week-end.

¶ We wish we knew where Joe B. gets his good humor. He always has a smile for everyone. Keep it up, Joe, that's the way we like them.

¶ Terry and Annie are back on the third shift. Hi, gals — glad you're back.

SHEETING SPINNING

REPORTERS: Pauline E. Lavigne, Rose Peltier, Annette Poulin

¶ This month we welcome to our room Mary Rounds and Flora Hodga. They are spooler learners. Best of luck to you.

¶ Mrs. Dubay was recently seen at the Ken MacKenzie Cowboy show. She seemed to be enjoying herself very much.

¶ The Spinning Department is taking part in the Pepperell Bowling League and prove to be doing all right.

¶ We welcome Mrs. Beaudoin, who was out on a leave of absence.

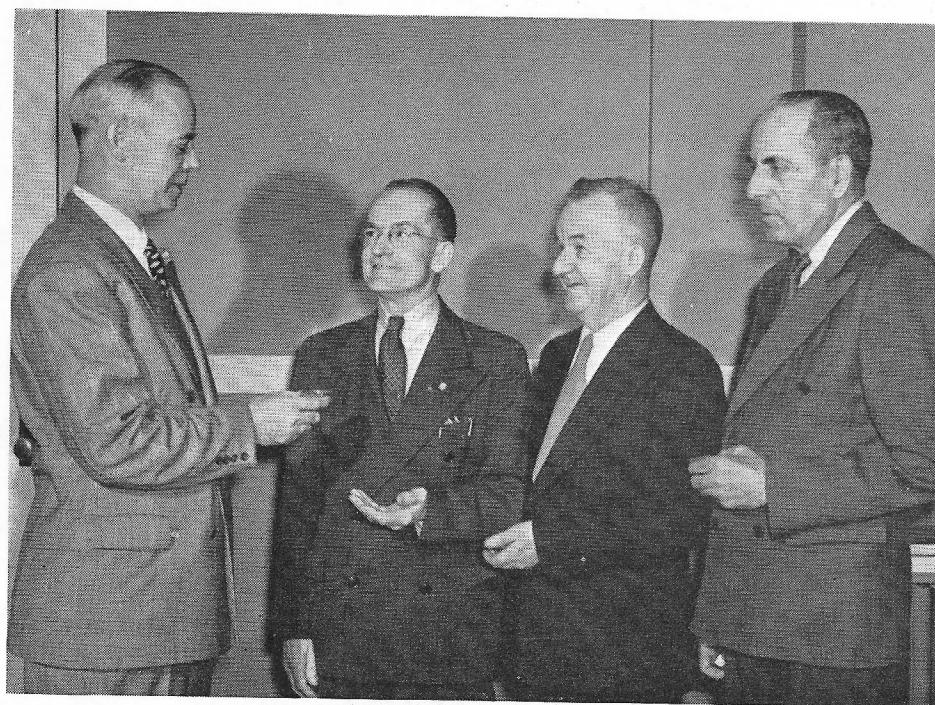
¶ Alice Bouvier likes "action movies," especially Edward G. Robinson.

¶ Jitterbugging seems to be pretty tough for the tall elevator man. He always seems to get kicked in the ankle.

¶ We wish to welcome back Cora Lafreniere and "Bobby" Nolette who have worked with us before. Mrs. Lafreniere is just as comical as ever and "Bobby" has not changed either. Also a hearty welcome to all other newcomers on the third shift.

¶ We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Kearney is out sick. Hope you have a quick recovery and that you will soon be back to work.

¶ Mrs. Poissant is certainly interested in football and do you blame her with her two boys being football players? Maurice plays with the Boston College team and Raymond at St. Louis High.



In recognition of fifty years of service at the Biddeford mill, Esdras Landry, Archille Pruneau and Delphis Loranger receive their service pins from Mr. Cook.

¶ "Red" didn't know what he was up against when he asked for Pauline's locker. Who do you think is boss of that locker now, Red?

¶ Look out, Pauline, that little bench can't last much longer.

¶ Mrs. Lafreniere, how can you go dancing in the evening and work the rest of the night? Tell us, won't you?

SHEETING CARD ROOM

REPORTERS: Irene Patterson, Marie Richards

¶ Mary Huff and Mrs. Cantara are back to work after being out sick. Glad to have you back.

¶ Blanche seems to forget everything. This time she didn't know where she parked her car. Lucky for you that Laura knew.

¶ Harry Tarr is on the new trucks these days and doing all right for himself.

¶ Maggie is out due to illness. Hope to see you back soon.

¶ Mary Lemay is back on her old job. She feels at home now, so she says.

¶ We are sorry to hear of the illness of your daughter, Annette. Hope she is getting better.

¶ Mrs. Guillette did take a good fall the other day. How Manda's cans do roll sometimes.

¶ What were you trying to do, Irene R., start a Tag Day of your own? This all came about when Irene bought a new hat and forgot to remove the price tag.

¶ We all welcome our new card tender. We were told his name is Lee and he is from South of the Mason and Dixon Line. Any relation to Old Robert E.? How about that, Lee?

¶ Mr. Pruneau is really glad that the meat situation is improving. He said he was starting to sprout wings from eating so much chicken.

¶ Marie R. was at the Biddeford-South Portland football game. What's the idea of sitting in the South Portland stands? How about that, Marie?

BLANKET WEAVE ROOM

REPORTER: Rosalita

¶ What's the trouble, Bridget, you're in such a hurry? We heard that you were pretty scared of something.

¶ We hope the new girls will like it here with us; also hope they will stay.

¶ Henry likes to work by himself. I guess it is because he starts working on 48 looms by himself instead of 24 looms.

¶ We were all very glad to see Emma Gagnon receive her ten-year pin. We hope to have you with us for ten more years, Emma.

¶ Lucky Mrs. M. L. Fournier, she has left us to go and spend the winter down in Sunny Florida. Let's all wish her a pleasant vacation; she surely needs it.

¶ A big welcome to Rodolphe Forest, Maurice Austin and Paul Johnson. They're all Uncle Sam's boys now back on their old jobs.

¶ Bud went to Manchester for a visit. This time he stayed longer than usual. His interest there is his daughter.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Faucher were very happy when their son Marcel came home on furlough. He is now in California awaiting embarkation. Best of luck to you and hope you come home to stay soon.

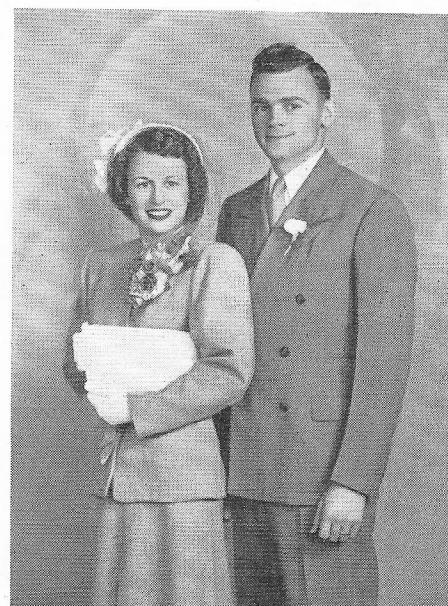
¶ Mr. E. Desrochers is out due to illness. Hurry up and get well.

MECHANICAL DEPT.

¶ Maybe it is out of season, but Ken Foss caught a ten-inch trout in a teakettle. This is how it happened. One night last Fall he went to the well and got a pail of water and turned it into the teakettle. He put it



Mr. and Mrs. William Stansill. The bride is the former Theresa Poissant, Production Checker in the Blanket Cloth Room.



A recent Biddeford marriage was that of Theresa Sicard and Lawrence Dubois. Theresa worked in Blanket Cloth Room.

on the stove and it started to "boil." Cold water boiling caused him to become curious. His son had put the trout in the well to have next winter.

¶ One of the boys saw Binnette attempting to nail his closet in place next to a post. Thinking he was having difficulty he offered his services which were accepted. The job completed revealed that his overalls had been spiked twice to the post, with plenty of surprise and choice words expressed.

¶ Hartley and Perley have completed the shingling of Perley's barn. It is a decided improvement to the property even if the shingles are on upside down.

¶ Jim Wilcox went down East and had better results.

¶ Charlie, while prospecting for deer one evening, was stopped by wardens amid an arsenal of tommy guns.

¶ Ralph Gilman, in company with friends, enjoyed the foliage in the mountains. He never realized before that so many employees take trips to the mountains as he met them one by one.

¶ Fred Grace, on his vacation, went to Topsfield with Ralph Foss and Mahlon Scammon. Fred doesn't know why but when he got home his wife took off the blue ribbon from his sweater.

¶ Perce Littlefield, Russ Guest and Pat Cooney went to the cleaners at Rockingham. Pat, not being satisfied, went back the next day to get his suit back.

¶ The story of Charlie Leach and his bees evidently went from coast to coast by the orders he is receiving for honey. He is to take care of local customers first, and before this he is making sure his bread is smothered well by the nectar.

¶ Julius Regina of the Humidity crew does not appreciate the society of the Pipe Shop. He has moved his equipment among the aristocrats of the Compressor Room. It is doubtful now if Binnette gets the grapes he ordered from Julius.

¶ We were pleased to note the pictures of the Machine and Electric crews in the last issue of the Sheet. We can better appreciate the intelligence there now as shown in the pictures as we gaze at the moguls of the machines and motors.

¶ Williams and Littlefield were heated up over politics, but we doubt if either will write a book on the subject.

¶ Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, we regret that we are unable to print a picture of George Pillsbury in his dress suit.

¶ A discussion over the potato yield took place at the gate. Perley said he raised 25 bushels from a half bushel and Fred Grace, 50 bushels from one bushel. Judge Bean knew a man in Portland who raised 40,000 bushels from 100 acres and was the only man who could produce bona fide evidence. The Judge won his case.

AROUND THE PLANT

REPORTER: Mary Seel

¶ Bertha surely misses Blanche.

¶ We hope that Paul Boisse will be happy in his married life.

¶ We hope that Maria Cook and Priscilla Bergeron like their new jobs in 13-1.

¶ Raoul Arcand will have to hurry up bowling with his team if he wants to catch up with the others.

¶ Mabel Normand and Dorothy Beek are back to work. We are very glad to have them with us again.

¶ Alma Boucher, a new battery hand, has a hard time with her work, but she said that she liked it very much.

¶ Rita M. has lots of courage working every day. She's so small, but she's all there.

¶ We would like to know if Simeon Houle misses his daughter. Since she's married it must be lonesome for him.

¶ We have a couple of new battery hands in 13-1. They seem to like their work very much.

¶ Adelard Arcand must be glad that winter is coming so he will be able to go hunting.

¶ Rose Cote visited her brother and sister in Canada.

¶ Jeannette Riche was weaving, but now she's a battery hand, and likes it better.

¶ Raymond Parent seems to get along fine in 9-3 and we wonder if he likes it down there.

¶ There are a few learners in 10-2 on weaving. They all seem to be interested in their work.

FOR A
STEADY
JOB

COME IN AND
TALK IT OVER

PEPPERELL
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BIDDEFORD, MAINE

A
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

It's a big step in anybody's life. See page 12.

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